

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Ocean and Laessle Stakes the Features at Monmouth To-Day.

Ajax and Kentigerna Look Like the Winners of the Two Events.

The Ocean and Laessle Stakes are the features of a very good card at Monmouth Park to-day. The Ocean, if all the horses entered go, should furnish one of the most interesting contests of the season.

Lampighter, Banquet, Longstreet and Ajax make a rattling field. The latter is very good, and is in receipt of twenty pounds actual weight from Banquet and Longstreet, and eighteen from Lampighter; weight for age, however, only gives him a five-pound call.

The Laessle Stakes has thirteen entries, including Kentigerna, Milan, Nahma, Ouida, Soprano and other cracking good fillies. This should be a very interesting scramble.

The closing event, promise excellent sport. The track will be dry and fast. The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race.—A sweepstakes of \$15 each, with \$1,000 added; one mile.
1215 J. A. A. H. & D. H. Morris's Naama, 120
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1217 J. A. A. H. & D. H. Morris's Soprano, 118
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The opening event should be won by Mr. Matthew. He won his race in a gallop a few days ago, and is in receipt of twenty pounds actual weight from Banquet and Longstreet, and eighteen from Lampighter; weight for age, however, only gives him a five-pound call.

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TWO SAUERS IDENTIFIED.

Two Women Claimed Two Bodies as That of the Same Man.

Puzzling Mystery for the Morgue Officials to Solve.

Assistant Morgue Keeper Major Finnegan has not yet succeeded in fathoming the mystery surrounding the identification of two men by two widows as one man.

The peculiar complication resulted from a visit last Wednesday to the Morgue of a woman who claimed to be the widow of one Joseph Sauer, whose body was brought to the Morgue Nov. 18, 1890. The woman gave her name as Catherine Sauer, of 28 1/2th avenue, Brooklyn, and she identified the photograph No. 295 as that of her husband long since dead. She said he was a marine engineer in the Navy-Yard, and a veteran, and the object of the identification was to secure a pension. Mrs. Sauer secured a death certificate from the Board of Health and made an affidavit vouching for her identification.

The day following Mrs. Sauer's identification Major Finnegan in looking over the gruesome photographs in the Morgue found that photograph 1590 had been identified Aug. 19, 1890, by Mrs. Catherine Sauer, of 28 1/2th avenue, Brooklyn, as that of Joseph Sauer.

Major Finnegan recalled the circumstances of the identification and a discrepancy was apparent. The photograph No. 1590 had been identified by a middle-aged woman, accompanied by three men, and they stated that the man had been a gunsmith, was thirty-five years old and had been in this country twenty years. The man thus identified was killed and drowned in the North River June 2, 1890.

Major Finnegan also recalled that the woman in identifying the body spoke of collecting insurance money on the man's life.

Mrs. Sauer, who last week identified the photograph 295 as that of her husband, was shocked when told that another woman had identified a different photograph as Joseph Sauer. She said she knew of her husband's death at the time, but was too poor to buy him.

It is believed that the first identification was bogus and intended for the purpose of collecting insurance money on the man's life.

Both bodies are buried in Potter's field.

BURGULARS IN WILLIAMSBURG.

Several Small Thefts Reported to the Police To-Day.

A number of burglaries were reported by the Williamsburg police to-day. Entrance to the butcher shop of Anton Mann, 172 Green street, was gained by breaking a large pane of glass and removing the iron railing. Only \$4 in cash was secured.

Kaufman Cohen's tailor shop, on the fourth floor of 44 Moore street, was broken into, and twenty sack coats, valued at \$50, taken.

Burglars got into the rooms of William Cade, at 25 Greenpoint avenue, by false keys last night, and took Cade's gold watch and chain and some money, the value of the lot being \$10.

James Murray, of 129 Meeker avenue, awoke at an early hour this morning and was surprised to see a man in his room. He chased the fellow out, and found that a gold watch and chain, valued at \$50, had gone with the uninvited guest.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.

sun rises, 6:29 (Sun sets, 7:50) Moon rises, 1:19
sun sets, 6:40 (Moon sets, 6:40)

Ready to sail, 11:41 11:41
Sunderland, 11:41 11:41
Hull, 11:41 11:41
Liverpool, 11:41 11:41
Belfast, 11:41 11:41
To and from London via Southampton, 11:41 11:41

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Steamer from Cal. Brook, Liverpool July 2.

Quaker from Cal. Brook, Liverpool July 2.

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SHOT BY A NEW POLICEMAN.

Farrell Was Trying to Escape from Another Officer.

Only a Flesh Wound, but the Shooter Will Be Tried.

Shortly after midnight this morning Policeman Hinkley, of the Elmhurst street station, saw three young men sitting on the stoop of 62 Deane street. They walked away when the policeman came in sight.

When Hinkley came back, after going over his post, the same three young men were standing on the corner of Deane and Elmhurst streets, but they could not be seen as soon as Hinkley put in an appearance.

Hinkley was told by a soda-water man on the corner that a box of lemons had been stolen from a store in the neighborhood, and he thought the thieves had hidden the box in a wagon standing on the opposite corner.

Hinkley went over to investigate, and saw a young man jump out of the van and run away. The policeman went after him. The fugitive ran to Allen street and turned into that street, with the policeman and some of a crowd following.

Policeman Rosenberg, who has been only a month on the force, was going through Allen street on his way to the station house when the young man who was trying to escape from Hinkley turned the corner of Deane street, just ahead of him.

Seeing another policeman and a crowd following, the young man stopped, but the latter kept right on.

Rosenberg then drew his revolver and fired at him. The bullet only grazed his right leg, but brought him to a standstill and he was taken into custody.

At the station house he described himself as George Farrell, a laborer, twenty-two years old. He said that he had been stopping in the lodging-house at 108 E. 10th street, a few nights ago, but having no work or money he went into the van to sleep.

When Hinkley saw Rosenberg's revolver made only a slight skin wound in the calf of his leg. It was dressed and he was locked up on suspicion of being connected with the three men who were acting suspiciously on the corner.

Policeman Rosenberg was not content with using his revolver, and charges will be brought against him for it.

FATE OF A FLIRT.

The delicate fragrance of hot-house flowers floated through the half-lighted parlors like reminiscences of the "sweet south," although the matter-of-fact of a mannequin stolidly persisted in pointing out December as the month and the thermometer without stood uncomfortably near zero.

Ella Wardlaw stood smiling, listening to the regretful adieu of him whom the world called her lover.

"Good-by, Ella, I shall come again very soon."

Miss Wardlaw's heart throbbed like a hammer. Charles Forrester had never before called her "Ella," and she felt triumphantly conscious that her proud beauty and her seductive notes had nearly brought him to the "proposing point."

She sank yawning on a sofa as the door closed upon her lover and clasped her white hands carelessly over her head.

"Mrs. Charles Forrester," she repeated to herself. "That doesn't sound so very badly does it? Particularly as the affords Mrs. Charles Forrester will step into a brownstone palace, a carriage and a perfect carcanet of family diamonds!"

"Yes, I believe he is safely entrapped, and if I play my cards as well as I can the matter will be settled within three days."

"That reminds me," she added, starting suddenly up and throwing off her soft languor as one might lay aside a useless garment. "I must write to Ralph Thornby to-night. If the love-stricken wretch should fulfill his hinted intention of coming to see me it might possibly be awkward."

It was nearly 1, and the fire had burned very low before Ella finished the carefully worded note and sealed it with a fairy-like device of entangled initials in pink wax.

When Charles Forrester descended the broad stone steps of the Wardlaw mansion and walked along the lamplighted street he felt dizzy and happy. The street's glow was upon him, and yet some warning, watchful pulse, down deep in his heart, kept beating the old, incomprehensible tune: "Beware! Beware!"

He passed through the noisy tumult of Broadway; a great hotel office threw a blaze of light into the street. A crowd had assembled there—the midnight mail had just arrived—and Ralph mingled with the throng, hearing the fleeting rumors of war which then vexed the public mind.

"Forrester, old fellow! Can it be possible that this is you?"

"Myself and no other, Thornby. But I thought you were safely settled in Chicago, practicing law, instead of?"

Instead of running wild about the country, you were counting on me. But I have granted myself a temporary holiday to—uh—uh—uh. I can't tell you all about it here; come up to my room and we'll have a cozy old-fashioned chat."

The delightful little impromptu supper of well-seasoned dainties, washed down by champagne, was over, and the two gentlemen were smoking when Thornby abruptly plunged into the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"Charles, I'm in love."

"You are? My dear fellow, so am I!"

"I am glad of that, because you can sympathize with me. I have come here expressly to see her and have the day fixed for the wedding."

"I haven't got quite so far as that," said Forrester, smiling.

"But, Charles, she is the loveliest creature that the sun ever shone on—an angel—a divinity!"

"Hold on, Ralph—not quite the loveliest, I trust; for the lady whom I worship is alone entitled to that superlative degree of praise."

"You're in love, too, my dear boy, so I'll excuse my little symptoms of insanity," rejoined Thornby, laughing. "But, really, if you could see Ella—hold on, I believe I've got her picture somewhere about me."

face! You don't mean to say you are engaged to that girl?"

"To be sure I am—what do you mean? Surely there is some mistake. I can show you her last letter!"

He drew out a very sentimental epistle. Forrester glanced over it with bewildered eyes, and then, biting his white lip till the blood started, took from his own pocket a prettily worded note from Ella, which he had received that morning.

"The handwriting is precisely similar. Ralph, we are the dupes of an artful, unprincipled woman. This same Ella Wardlaw, while she is corresponding with you in this impassioned strain, is doing her best to lure me to a proposal!"

"It cannot be!" gasped Ralph, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"But I know it to be so! Heaven! What a narrow escape I have had. And you, also, Thornby, should rejoice at you escape from the clutches of a false-hearted coquette!"

Still Ralph Thornby repeated, between his clenched teeth:

"I will not believe it—Ella is true herself!"

"Shall we put it to the test?" asked Forrester, rather indignantly.

"Oh, what you please. I will stake my life on her single-mindedness!"

Forrester took out a pencil and dashed off a hurried proposal in form.

"There—I will send this to-morrow morning with a request for an immediate answer. When that answer comes will you believe its testimony?"

Thornby nodded, but did not answer. He was gazing absently into the fire.

Heard and heard both sighed sadly that night. Therefore, it happened that he was still lounging over his almost untasted breakfast when Charles Forrester was announced by a waiter.

"Well?" was his greeting. Forrester replied: "I have disposed of my misadventure and here is the answer. See, the seal is yet unbroken; we will pursue it to the end."

It was a skillfully written note of glad acceptance. Ella wrote that "she had long loved Mr. Forrester—that her greatest happiness through life would be to secure his contentment," with a variety of charming little addenda, such as yesterday would have filled Charles Forrester's heart with rapture. Now they were false, idle chimeras!

"Are you convinced?" was Forrester's simple question, as the letter dropped from his trembling hand.

"I am. It has been a pleasant dream, but I am effectually aroused at last. Charles, I have been a fool—a dupe!"

"And so have I, Ralph. Just give me that enthusiastic love-letter you showed me last night!"

"What for?"

"Charles made no reply, but he took the letter from Thornby's trembling hand and, folding it with the note of acceptance he had just received, wrote one pencilled on the margin: "The compliments of Messrs. Thornby and Forrester"—and inclosed both in one envelope directed to Miss Wardlaw.

Ella Wardlaw was practicing a difficult Italian sonata as the eventful note was handed her by the maid. She glanced at it and gazed with wide-open, bewildered eyes upon the inclosures. The next instant they fell from her nervous fingers.

Fears have passed since then. Ralph Thornby is a married man. Charles Forrester has a blooming wife and two rosy little girls, but Ella Wardlaw is a hopeless old maid, with not the faintest chance of a husband. She says she never intended to marry.—Boston Globe.

YOUNG HIGHWAYMAN HELD.

With Two Companions He Robbed a Buy of 85 Cents.

George Taylor, fourteen years old, of 161 Linden street, Williamsburg, was placed in charge of the Children's Society by Justice Watson in the Ewen street Court to-day.

Yesterday afternoon Taylor and two other boys met Henry Pope, eleven years old, of 149 Van Vorhes street, as he walked the open lot at Jefferson place, near Central avenue, and robbed him of 85 cents.

They were caught by a policeman, and Taylor was held for trial.

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A REAL NEWSPAPER'S REAL SPORTING EXTRA!

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